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CIVIL WAR IN CHINA

Notwithstanding the education in Chinese affairs which the American public, and particularly that part of it which is close to Washington, gained from the Conference on the Limitation of Armament and on Far Eastern Questions, the effect upon China's future of the recent fighting between General Wu Pei-Fu and General Chang Tso-Lin is difficult to gauge. Even the Chinese experts in Washington are more or less puzzled and qualify any predictions they make.

There is a widespread feeling that Wu's rather unexpected victory was a victory for the right element. Men like Dr. John Dewey, speaking from personal contact with men and conditions in China, have praised the character and the patriotic aims of Wu, while at the same time Chang has been repeatedly described as an ex-bandit and has been charged frequently with having been, if not now, in the pay of Japan.

But whether victory for the man usually regarded as representing the best element in China's politics will work out advantageously for China, in the maze of conflicting interests that envelop the land, is not absolutely certain. Whether Wu will hold and increase his power, and whether, if he does, he will rise superior to the selfish weaknesses that so often have destroyed the usefulness of Chinese leaders, remains to be seen.

WU'S PERSONAL TRIUMPH

As a personal triumph, bearing in mind the good reports of him, Wu's victory was one to stir the imagination. He fought almost a lone battle against many enemies. A scholar, and sometimes a poet, who studied military science when he saw how China had suffered at the hands of Japan, he had become the great military chieftain of central China. From time to time his alliances changed. Lately it became apparent that Chang, war lord of Manchuria and North China generally, was bent upon his destruction. Soon afterward it appeared that Dr. Sun Yat Sen, President of the South China Republic, of which Canton is the seat, was sympathetic with Chang, as a means of getting rid of Wu. At the same time it appeared that the Peking Government, the recognized, if feeble, government of China, was largely under Chang's influence. Against all of that and some smaller enemies, Wu has triumphed, and Chang, whom tradition had made a sort of Chinese Napoleon, is in retreat, his army smashed.

TROUBLE IN APRIL

The first serious notice that war was really at hand in China came about the middle of April. The President of China, Hsu Shih Chang, appealed to the military leaders to compose their differences, arguing that China was losing the benefits of the Washington Conference because of the differences within the nation—and, indeed, it later was reported that there had been suspension of the plans to begin the studies of questions of customs, extraterritoriality, removal of foreign troops, and so on, that had been provided in the Washington Conference.

Apparently, no one paid attention to the pleas of the Chinese President. He may not have expected them to be heeded. In the same dispatch in which his plea was reported it was stated that Chang was sending 70,000 troops southward from Mukden, to be quartered near Peking. Coincidentally Wu was mobilizing troops in his section of

China and watching Peking more and more closely. These movements continued about 10 days, with new signs appearing almost constantly that the rivals would not be content with gestures.

CONFLICTING CHARGES

Chang was reported to have said that he was determined upon a unified China, and that with Wu out of the way it would be possible to bring together the North and South governments and other interests. From Wu's friends came vigorous charges that while Chang was moving toward a unified China, it was to be a China unified under him as monarch or dictator. The setting up of a Chang dynasty was forecast in the event Chang had his way; and, in relation to that, attention was directed to Chang's old record and to the charges that he was affiliated with Japan.

THE BATTLE

On April 29 news reached the world from Peking that the two leaders had gone to battle almost at the gates of the city; that approximately 100,000 men were engaged on each side, and that reinforcements were being brought up. In many aspects the battle was one of modern warfare, including the use of fighting airships. Complicating the significance of this news somewhat was other news on the same day from Shanghai that naval forces of the South China Government had captured a large part of the naval forces of the Peking Government. Apparently, this naval battle meant conflict between two elements favoring Chang; but some of the observers held that the Peking situation was not dependably favorable to Chang, and that President Sun Yat Sen had served Chang's interest, in addition to advancing his own cause against the Peking Government, in the capture of the latter's boats.

Within 24 hours it was seen that the fighting between Wu and Chang was on a greater scale than in previous warfare between rival Chinese military chieftains. The battle line was miles in extent, artillery was constantly engaged, and contact between combat troops was continuous. Martial law was proclaimed in Peking, and President Hsu Shih Chang issued proclamations demanding that Wu and Chang withdraw their armies, insisting that the police take adequate measures to maintain order in the city and emphasizing the duty of protecting the lives and property of foreigners. Foreign diplomats and military and naval attachés were in frequent conference as to steps necessary to guard against danger to their nationals.

During all of this time when the fighting was on, the information as to the way it was going was highly favorable to Chang, possibly because of the tradition of his masterfulness; but when the smoke began to clear away it was found that Chang's army was beaten and disorganized and refugees were clamoring for admittance into Peking, the gates of which had been closed against them.

When the victory was with Wu and Chang's army, supposed to have been composed largely of mercenaries, was in flight, great precautions were taken to protect the lives and property of foreigners outside Peking. Looting and pillage by stragglers was feared. The American Government was advised that Rear-Admiral Strauss had landed a detachment of 150 marines to augment the American forces that were guarding the Peking-Tien Tsin Railroad, which is the avenue of escape from Peking to the sea, and under the Boxer. Protocol must be kept open for the use of foreigners. Min-

ister Schurman also advised the State Department that he had sent part of his legation guards to Tung Chow, near which an important American mission school is located.

With these precautions taken by the Americans and similar ones by other powers, the world settled down to await the developments of Wu's victory. In this country, Ma Soo, commissioner of the South China Republic, issued a statement on May 7, in which he said the civil war in China had only begun. He discounted the importance of Wu's success.

WHAT SIR AUCKLAND GEDDES SEES AHEAD

On April 21 the British Ambassador, Sir Auckland Geddes, delivered an address at the dinner of the Pilgrims Society which attracted widespread attention. It was a composite of hard-headed sense and spiritual vision and understanding. After "digging" the newspaper correspondents who had found many plots behind the scenes in the Washington Conference and saying that the absence of controversy in Anglo-American relations is symptomatic of the general trend in all international affairs, the Ambassador continued:

The other day it was my good fortune to stand on the brink of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. At first I felt my mind oscillating between the impressions that the bishop and the cowboy must have respectively received when, according to popular tradition, they were moved to characteristic utterance: "Mysterious and wonderful are Thy works, O Lord!" said the bishop; but the cowboy, "What a hell of a hole!" As I continued to gaze into that mighty chasm, I felt that I was face to face with Nature's parable of our post-war world. It was morning. There to the south, behind me, stretched, mile on mile, the desert and the plains and the little tree-clad hills, through which we had just come. There, to the north, before me, across the canyon, thirteen miles and more away, was the other edge of the level earth, more than a thousand feet higher than that on which we stood, tree-clad, green, and smiling in the sun, while from its sharp-cut edge streams of water sparkled, as they plunged into the gloomy depths.

As the parable translated itself, I saw mankind toil through the desert years and over the shady, tree-clad hills of pleasant custom and seeming permanence, suddenly to be faced by a deep, a dark, a rugged chasm, cut through its life and across its onward patch by the greatest stream of human anguish and passion that has ever been.

It seemed to me in my reverie that I could hear the rank and file of humanity clamor that they would walk immediately in the northern woods that looked so green, so pleasant, and so cool; that they and their fathers had always walked on the broad land; that they were not going to clamber down any cliffs or risk themselves on any zigzag trails, and that the canyon could have no real existence, because nothing so monstrous, so strange, so awful, had ever been met by them before.

In my day-dream little companies of silent men and women began to detach themselves from the shouting, gibbering throng and painfully to work their way down narrow ledges into the canyon. As the sun rose higher and flooded the mysterious recesses with light, I could, as it were, see, far down, little bands of men and women ferry across the swollen river, where it flowed a mile or more below, and some, the most courageous, begin to scale the opposing heights. And yet beside me clamoring multitudes still seemed to repeat shibboleths that had gained currency among their fathers when they journeyed on the plains. It was remarkable that most of the talkers were sure that if it were not for the evil disposition of certain groups of their fellows all would have been across and among the pleasant trees long ago.

And the Canyon paid no attention, but remained majestic, wonderful, palpably silent, and Nature's parable ended.

That is where we are today. Some of us—the majority, perhaps—hover on the brink of the Grand Canyon of our nation's lives, unwilling, unable, to summon the courage required to face the exertion and discomforts of the journey from the dead past to the new future; but some, the minority, are hard at work cutting safe trails for the timid feet that must follow.

Look round the world as it is today. Listen to what hordes of men are saying. Do you not hear the old shibboleths? Can you not hear on every hand denials that there is any need to depart from the ancient customs and the well-tried ways? Whereas the truth is that the whole world has to pass through a dark valley of economic shadow, and that there was never such need for courageous leadership as now.

The great war has washed away, so that they are as if they had never been, great stores of wealth accumulated by thrifty generations. Some wealth, it is true, has been swirled by the flood into pockets and potholes round which men gather to squabble and fight; but most of it is gone be yond recall, like the snows of yesteryear. The world as a whole is poor, and only by the work and thrift of generations will its wealth be restored. At such a time, especially, it seems to me, no nation can gain anything by being on less than good terms with any of its neighbors. I cannot see that aught is to be gained by continuing to demonstrate that there would have been no canyon to cross but for the evil disposition of this group or of that. To my mind, it is absurd to attempt to demonstrate that the canyon in our lives would have been filled up long since but for the continuing evil in the disposition of this other group or that.

My whole instinct, and I believe it is the true inspiration, is to say, "The canyon is there. None of us can be so happy as we might, nor so prosperous as we might, until all are across. Come, let us get together. Let us help one another. The descent is perilous. The river at the bottom, which we all have to pass, is still in flood. Its waters are laden with the boulders of hatred and the grit of jealousy. At the best, there is danger at its crossing. The ascent of the other side, we know, will try the stoutest heart and call for steady heads and concentrated purpose. Why should any try to cut another's rope or block another's path?"

It is in that spirit that for two years I have labored to represent in your great capital the nations which constitute the British Empire. It was in that spirit that the delegates of the British Empire assembled last autumn under the leadership of Mr. Balfour, as he then was, at the invitation of President Harding, to do what was in their power to make the Conference of Washington a success and a mark for all time in the passage of humanity through the economic shadows of the war. It was in that spirit, I am glad to testify, that your distinguished Secretary of State met and led the conference in all its sessions. It was that spirit, reflected in all the delegates, that made the conference what it was, the most successful of all the international meetings that have as yet concluded their labors. It is in the same spirit that the representatives of my country have gone to the conference that is now in session.

I beg of you, gentlemen, to see that, in so far as in you lies, all international undertakings which you can influence are conceived and executed in that spirit.

It is only necessary to listen to some of the rantings that assail our ears to learn that there are those who believe quite otherwise. Nor are such men the possession of any one country or the product of any one race. Though their name is legion, I think their power diminishes; but it will not cease until those who see plainly what should be done stand forth and in no uncertain tones tell the common people the naked truth, that the old ways are not suited to the new times; that there is a deep and a dark canyon which all must pass; that prosperity will only be found beyond its other brink, after all are across, and that none is so strong but he would do better with a helping hand.

It is my belief that the organization of friendship among the nations necessary to give effective expression to that spirit will come best and come most quickly if it be based